

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

And with a looke so piteous in purport,  
As if he had beene loosed out of hell  
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Ophel.* My Lord I doe not know,  
But truely I doe feare it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Ophel.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,  
And with his other hand thus ore his brow  
He falls to such perusall of my face  
As a would draw it : long staid he so,  
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his being : that done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd  
Hee seem'd to finde his way without his eyes;  
For out of doores he went without their helps,  
And to the last bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extasie of love,  
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passions under heaven  
That does afflict our natures : I am sorrie;  
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

*Ophel.* No my good Lord, but as you did command,  
I did repell his letters, and deni'd  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad :  
I am sorrie that with better heed and judgement  
I had not coated him ; I fear'd he did but trifle,  
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy;  
By heaven it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort

## Prince of Denmark

To lacke discretion : Come  
This must be knowne, which  
More grieve to hide, than  
Come.

*Flourish. Enter King*

*King.* Welcome deare  
Moreover, that we much d  
The need we have to use yo  
Our hastie sending. Some  
Of *Hamlets* transformatio  
Sith nor th' exterior, nor th  
Resembles that it was : wh  
More than his fathers deat  
So much from the understa  
I cannot dreame of : I entre  
That being of so young day  
And sith to neighboured to  
That you vouchsafe your re  
Some little time, so by you  
To draw him on to pleasure  
So much as from occasion  
Whether ought to us unk  
That open'd eyes within ou

*Que.* Good Gentlemen,  
And sure I am two men the  
To whom he more adheres  
To shew us so much gentry  
As to expend your time wi  
For the supply and profit o  
Your visitation should rec  
As fits a Kings remembran

*Ref.* Both your Majesties  
Might by the Sovereigne p  
Put your dread pleasures m  
Than to intreaty.

*Gnil.* But we both obey  
And here give up our selves

To